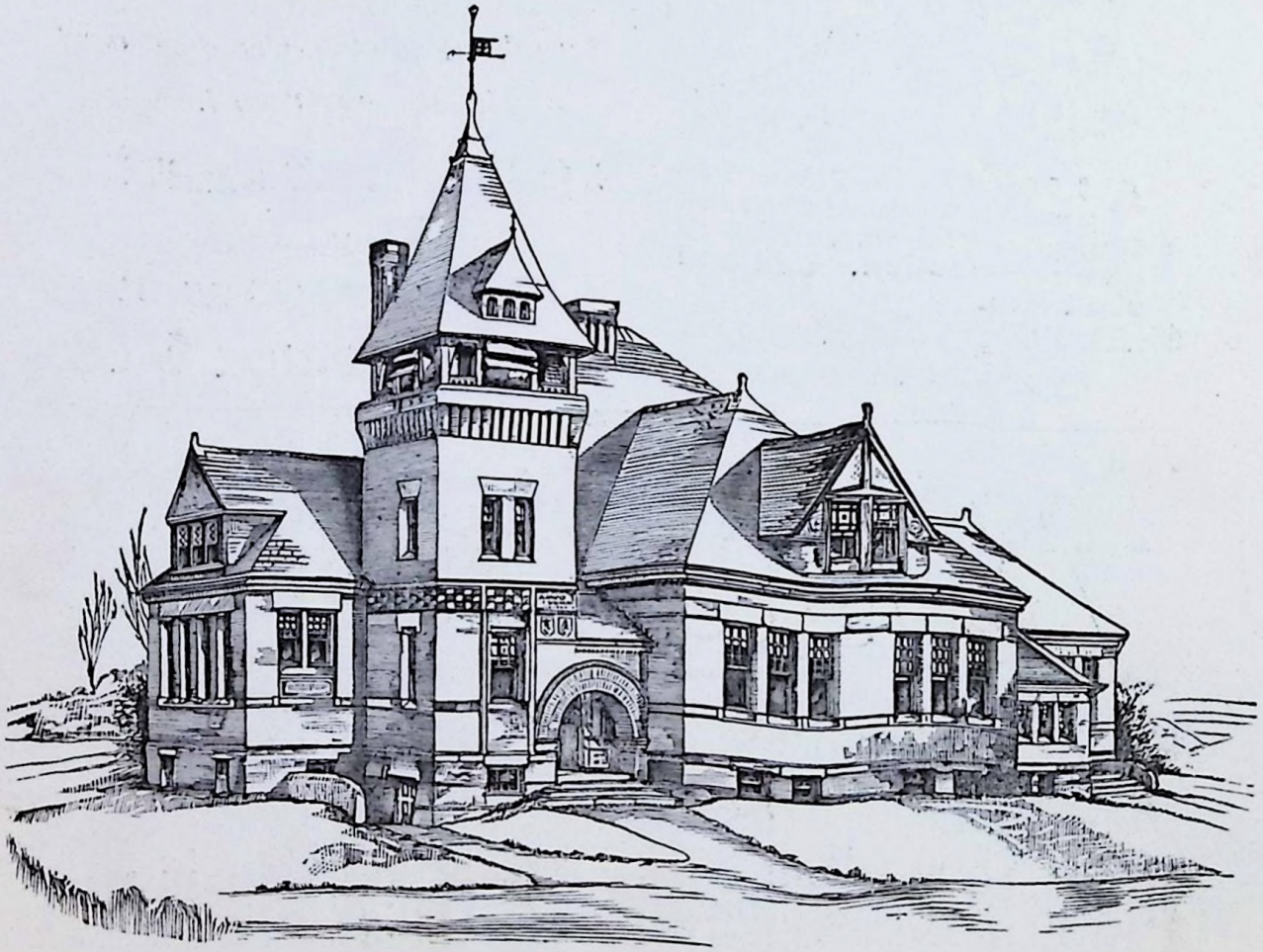
The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., JULY, 1891. NO. 8.



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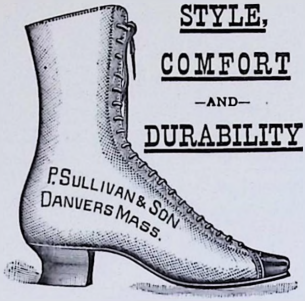

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The Tripod.

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THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Editorials.

The graduating exercises of the class of '91 took place at City Hall, June 19.

Promptly at eight o'clock the Thornton Academy orchestra commenced to play and the graduating class came in, taking their places in the following order: Miss Ellen K. Chase, Master J. Percy Deering, Miss Bertha M. Sawyer, Master Charles A. Stacy, Miss Mary E. Foss, Master Francis L. Winch, Miss Alice G. Milliken, and Master Fred A. Lord. The teachers, trustees, Rev. J. B. Carruthers and the mayor followed.

The stage was trimmed with white, yellow and green forming a low border in front, which gradually rose upon each side to a high bank crowned by graceful corn-lilies and ferns. On each side, imbedded in moss, were the figures, made of daises, 1887 and 1891. The motto, "Magnas Res Appetamus," "Aim High," was in the form of an arc placed near the back of the stage. Above it was the star resting two of its points on the motto, and below it, pointing toward the star, was an arrow. All were made of the white and yellow daisy-heads tacked on with gilt tacks. The scene was a woodland one and the willow chairs were a pretty addition. The decorations designed by the class of '92, were dainty and in good taste.

The girls were dressed in white and wore yellow roses.

The Thornton Academy orchestra gave several selections. The music was heartily enjoyed. Many were surprised to hear so young an orchestra do so well,

After the exercises were concluded many of the friends of the graduates came upon the stage to offer their congratulations. Dancing was indulged in until twelve o'clock, when a well-satisfied throng wended their way homeward.

The following is the programme as it was given:

Music, T. A. Orchestra.
Prayer, Rev. John B. Carruthers.
Salutatory, J. Percy Deering
Essay—A Drop of Water, Alice G. Milliken.
Oration,—Art in Photography, Francis L. Winch.
Essay,—Legends of Saco Valley, Mary E. Foss.
Essay,—Longfellow and the Children, Ellen K. Chase.
Music, T. A. Orchestra.
Oration,—"Who is my Neighbor," Chas. A. Stacy.
Music, T. A. Orchestra.
History, Fred A. Lord.
Prophecies, Bertha M. Sawyer
Valedictory, Alice G. Milliken
Music, T. A. Orchestra.
Presentation of Diplomas,
Hon. Hampden Fairfield, Pres. of Trustees.
Ode, By the Class.

A Drop of Water.

I was once young and eager to enter the world. Reports of the mighty rivers and the great achievements of water awoke in me a desire for fame. I conceived of many wonderful ways by which I would exhibit my power and of the noble deeds I would do, thus gaining the love of man and the blessing of our Fathers. So I dreamed away my youthful days, building castles that would have suited the most ambitious eye.

One April day the summons came for which I had been waiting. I, with a number of other drops must leave the ocean that afternoon. We made preparations for our journey, and just before the sun went to rest he sent down his golden ladders by which we mounted to the clouds. It was just sunset when we reached our destination. The beauty of the upper world was sublime. The immense dome of Heaven was bathed in the crimson rays of the setting sun while the cloud upon which we were riding looked like petals of wild roses falling in a confused mass.

We were travelling rapidly through this fairy land when suddenly the cloud stopped. Peeping over the edge, I saw that we were floating above the White Mountains. I had always wished to dwell upon a lofty summit and here was an opportunity to gain the great desire of my life. Hastening to the queen of the cloud I begged to be allowed to go to the earth. She smiled graciously but said, "This place is too bleak for you, little drop, wait until we reach the valley." But I pleaded so earnestly for the mountain that she consented and soon I found myself sliding down one of those silver ropes by which the raindrops descend to the earth. The ride was so swift, that I was conscious of nothing until I arrived with a great splash on something hard. As soon as I recovered my senses, I found myself in a crevice between two rocks, so high that I could see nothing except a strip of blue sky above my head.

Just as it was too late, I realized how wise the queen's advice was, and I looked around to find some way to the valley. Only one seemed feasible—to make a path through the soil beneath the rocks. I began with determination and in spite of the darkness and difficulties which obstructed my progress I worked steadily on until one day I broke the last clods of earth between me and the light and in a great burst of sunshine a new world stood revealed.

A new world indeed, to me was the freshness of the valley after the gloom of the mountain. How I feasted my eyes on the beautiful flowers and trees, while the song of the birds fell like balm on my weary heart! But what was that tinkling laughter? A brook? Yes, at my feet I caught the glimmer of its waters and with one bound I leaped amid my brother-drops who greeted me with shouts of welcome. I found them a happy brook, dancing and laughing all the day as they skipped over the mossy pebbles. They urged me to join them and as I was all alone in the world I accepted their kind invitation. I soon became one of them and like the rest lived a life devoted to my own ease and enjoyment.

Yet thoughts of my unattained aspirations would come to disturb these peaceful hours. But what could I do? I asked myself that question many times as I glided beside the white violets which grew in profusion along our banks. Still the days drifted by and no answer came, no light shone through the darkness.

At last in desperation I determined to propose to the brook a scheme of my boyhood—to start a river. One evening as we were assembled in a little pond, I announced my project. It was approved by all for they welcomed any adventure which would break the monotony of their life.

All arrangements were made and early one morning we began our new course. No laughing was heard now, but a perfect Babel of voices arose discussing our future career. On we hastened; brook after brook, stream after stream joining us until we became a broad noble river, still we journeyed onward till we reached the ocean whence we came.

Since my arrival, I have remained in this very spot and as the drops return one by one to the ocean I learn from them the progress of my

river, its beautiful falls, its sparkling water. I learn how it has changed the deserts to fertile fields and brought prosperity to its cities and villages.

As through the influence of one drop this river, the Saco, was formed, be not discouraged, brother-drops, for you know not for how great a purpose you were created. But whether great or small, remember that all who do their best, do the same. "Our endowments however godlike merely fix the measure of our duty. The creator sets our tasks for us by the faculties he gives us, we simply exact the fullfilment."

ALICE G. MILLIKEN.

Art In Photography.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, the art and science of making photographs has become the popular amusement of the high and the low, the young and the old. Some of the best amateur photographs have been taken by members of the royal families of England and Germany. Five-year-old Tommy vies with his grandfather of "three score and ten" in the taking of views. So general is this pastime, that "camera fiends" are nearly everywhere in the New World and the Old.

In knowledge of these facts, the question arises, "Why such a desire for pictures?" The reply is, simply, that the love of Art, especially of that branch which finds expression in pictures, is general with mankind. On the utensils of pre-historic races and on the implements used by savages of later times, are found many attempts at pictorial decoration, in which familiar scenes and objects are portrayed. Again, proof of this love is found in every home of the present day, whether it be in a New York tenement or in a log cabin on the Western plains; for every house has its chromo or its lithograph.

Although the advancement of photography and the prevalent practice of it are due to the wide-spread love of Art, a picture produced by chemical action, through the agency of the camera, is not, in a true sense, artistic. The first point of inferiority noticeable in a photograph, when it is compared with a water color or an oil painting, is the absence of color. This defect although not destructive of artistic merit in a picture, is, nevertheless, a serious drawback. To be sure, sculpture and carving are true art; and yet they do not possess color: but they do reproduce relief, and in this particular, also, photography is deficient.

There is still another drawback which no amount of advancement in chemistry and physics can wholly remedy. Art is the interpretation of nature, not the accurate reproduction of it. The chief merit of the great master-pieces is, that they impress one with the same feelings that would be excited by the originals of the objects which they represent. For example: A painter chooses for his subject a view on a river road. The water winds between the green banks; in the distance can be seen an occasional farm-house; fields and fences border the road which leads to the city visible in the background. This scene impresses one with the sense of quiet and beauty which these objects, as a whole, suggest. A copy of these features from the hand of a true artist would reproduce, in the beholder, the same pleasant feelings. Reproduction of the scene by photography would render the inartistic objects too prominent and thus destroy the harmony. In such a picture with every sign and poster upon the fences brought out so plainly that one can easily read "Welcome Soap," "Take Hood's" and other similar advertisements, with which every country road is now decked, there would be no true expression of the scene.

With these facts in mind, we must acknowledge that photography is not true art and that it must remain inferior to sculpture and painting because it possesses none of their distinguishing merits. Since the photographer is not able to repress objects which destroy the harmony of the scene and cannot intensify the features that constitute its beauty we must not look for a wholly pleasing picture. Until new processes are discovered, art in photography must remain at its present low ebb.

FRANCIS L. WINCH.

This number closes volume four.

Legends of Saco Valley.

We may well be proud of the valley in which we live, for it is rich both in legends and beautiful scenery.

It commences at the extreme western base of the Mt. Washington range of the White Hills, by a little lake called the Saco, situated near the Crawford House. From this lake, which is now partly artificial, the water comes tumbling and splashing along over its rocky bed in New Hampshire to its sandy bed in Maine, and is joined in its course by many streams bearing names of interesting legends.

One of these is the Averlauch Brook, named from the great slide on Mt. Willey in 1826. The sad fate of the Willey family has been immortalized by verse, and is familiar to all.

Near the former residence of Abel Crawford is a stream called "Nancy's Brook," reminding us of the sad death of a young girl engaged to a man with whom she had entrusted all of her earnings, and who suddenly left the place for Portsmouth without leaving her any message. Not heeding the advice of her friends, the girl started in pursuit. It was nearly night; the snow had commenced to fall and the only way to the nearest settlement, thirty miles distant, was a hunter's path through the woods. She walked all night hoping to overtake the fugitive before he left his camp in the morning. Although she failed in this and was greatly disappointed, she was not discouraged but continued her journey, climbing the Notch which was very difficult at that time. After two or three hours, however, her strength failed and she was found not far from "Nancy's Bridge," her head resting upon a bundle of clothes and her staff clasped in her hands.

The young man hearing of the girl's faithfulness and sad death, became insane and soon died a raving maniac. It is said that on still nights the cries and shrieks of his ghost can be heard near Mt. Crawford.

Mt. Chocorua, or as some call it Corway, has an interesting legend. The substance of the story is this: At an early period, a settlement, of intelligent pioneers, was formed at the base of this mountain; and among the number was Cornelius Campbell superior in intelligence and in patriotism. The settlers were never injured or insulted by the Indians until the son of Chocorua, the Indian prophet, while making a visit at Campbell's, tasted some poison prepared for a troublesome fox, and was taken sick and died. From that time Chocorua hated the white man and planned his revenge.

Not long after this Campbell returned from his labor to find all his family dead. It was now his turn for revenge; so with a small company of the settlers, he one day surrounded Chocorua, on the mountain which now bears his name, while he was watching for the return of some Indian hunters. Chocorua, refusing to throw himself into the abyss below, was wounded by Campbell and rolled to its very edge, cursing the white men and declaring that the Indians would destroy them, that the cattle would die and the crops fail. The prophet died, but his curse remained with the people, many of whom leaving the valley, went to neighboring settlements.

The legends are not confined to the mountains and the streams. It is said that in early times the land here was thought to be rich in silver, and when a person gave a deed, he did it with the understanding that if there was any silver found, it was to be his, except one fifth which was to go to the king.

The story is told, that at one time, the crew of an English vessel, while coming up the river, saw the wife of the Indian chief, Squando, and her papoose in a canoe; and, having heard that if an Indian child was thrown into the water it would swim by instinct, they tipped over the canoe to see if the saying was true. Of course the child immediately sank. It was saved by the mother, but soon died. This so enraged the Indians that it lead to a war.

The whole Saco Valley was at one time in the possession of a tribe of Indians that travelled back and forth from the mountains to the sea, having the pleasantest spots for their camping places and the neighboring country for hunting grounds. One of their annual meeting places was on Factory or Indian Island, as it was formerly called, at that time a beautiful grove of oak trees, a few of which are now standing.

Another meeting place was about half way down the river on the Saco side at a place called Rendevous Point.

Every island, every point of land, every brook and every high place has its interesting legend which not only delights us at the fireside, but gives an additional charm to the traveler in our beautiful valley.

MARY E. FOSS.

Longfellow and the Children.

Henry W. Longfellow, our beloved American poet, while travelling in Switzerland, in the summer of 1836, became acquainted with Nathan Appleton and his family of Boston, who were also making a tour of the continent. Mr. Appleton had a daughter Fannie of surpassing beauty between whom and our poet was established a friendship which grew till it resulted in marriage. This event took place in 1843, and the happy couple went to live in the Craigie house in Cambridge which the bride's father had purchased for them. In this house were born their six children, all but one living to maturity. The child that died was their first daughter and a namesake of her mother. Her death was a great blow to the poet and a short time after, he wrote the beautiful hymn "Resignation." At the birth of Charles, his eldest son, he wrote the poem "To a Child" beginning:—

"Dear child how radiant on thy mother's knee
With merry making eyes and jocund smiles
Thou gazest at the painted tiles
Whose figures grace
With many a grotesque form and face
The ancient chimney of thy nursery."

As he had written a poem concerning his eldest son, he did the same for his second one, Earnest. He describes him as

"A gentle boy with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy with brown and tender eyes.
A castle builder with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies."

His other children were "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair," The love of the poet was not confined to his own children; all found in him a firm and sympathizing friend. He had a great many callers among the children, as they came in throngs for his autograph which he never failed to give. Longfellow, like other celebrated people, received a great number of letters asking this same request. He answered them all and occasionally advised the people that when sending for an autograph they should enclose a stamped envelope properly addressed. The poet's home was on Brattle street, Cambridge, near which was "the spreading chestnut tree," described in his well-known poem "The Village Blacksmith." In widening the street, it was found necessary to cut down this tree, although it was very much against the wishes of Longfellow. It was proposed by some of the poet's friends in Cambridge that the school-children should each contribute a small amount of money to have an arm-chair made from the wood of this tree, and that it should be presented to him on his seventy-second birthday. This proposition was very favorably received, and the chair was made, being designed by a nephew of the poet. It is jet black, beautifully carved to represent the horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms, and is upholstered in green leather. Around the seat in raised German text are lines from his "Village Blacksmith," and beneath the cushion is this inscription on brass: "To the author of the 'Village Blacksmith,' this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who with their friends join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, Feb. 27, 1879."

Longfellow was very much pleased on receiving this chair, and to show his thanks and appreciation, he wrote the poem entitled "From my Arm-Chair," ending:—

"And thus, dear children, have you made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three score years and ten
Brought back my youth again."

Of course all the children came to see the chair, and to each one he gave a copy of the poem. A story is told of a little girl who came with her parents to see the great poet. He seated her in the large arm-chair and after having talked to her about the chair, the tree and the children, he told her to sit up straight. Al-

though like a great many other children, she often had been told this same thing, yet it was the poet alone who had the power to make her say to herself "I will do it," this showing what a strong influence he had over young minds. Other of his poems which show his great love for his small friends are "The Children's Hour," "Come to me, O ye Children," "Weariness" and "Tomorrow." Almost the last letter that Longfellow wrote was to a little girl who on his last birthday had sent him an original poem. He wrote this letter thanking her for the poem and praising her for her success. Two days after this he was taken sick and never recovered. At his death the children again contributed their mites, and raised statues in his honor in Portland, his birth-place, and in Cambridge where he spent his last years.

ELLEN K. CHASE.

Who Is My Neighbor?

Most people, if this question were asked them, "Who Is My Neighbor?" would probably answer, "A person residing in the same locality, generally one who is always borrowing." But when viewed from a wider standpoint the word neighbor is found to embrace vastly more than one would at first expect. In one sense it includes all mankind, but in its narrowest sense it includes all persons whom one comes in contact or with whom one has dealings.

The New Testament gives us a new commandment: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In order to obey this it is necessary to know the meaning of the word "neighbor." The literal meaning of the word is, "a person who lives near one," but South says, "the gospel allows no such term as 'stranger;' it makes every man my neighbor.', Honesty, kindness and sympathy are imperative duties which should exist between all men. Were these observed a vast amount of good would appear in the world which now is not here. Love of society, love of government and love of country are innate principles. All are seeking the same necessities and many the same pleasures. Then would it not be better if man would regard man as his neighbor, and would use a little more sympathy, instead of so much pushing and crowding of one another. There is a certain class of men who do understand this relation of man to man and are ever ready to show it; such are commonly known as "true gentlemen," and can be recognized wherever they are met. It is needless to say that they are universally appreciated. Examples of the kind acts of these persons are quite common. The Good Samaritan proved himself a neighbor to the fallen, "Go and do thou likewise."

Ethics teach that the acts of men all tend to the universal good and that the universal good consists in promoting the happiness of others, whereby we build up our own. How much better is this view than that taken by the pessimist who sees only the evil and dark side of life. Then providing that certain duties are due our neighbors, mankind in general, let us profit by these suggestions. Abolish aristocracy and thus bring together two classes of people who have ever been practically the same; but separated by the iron hand of custom. Avoid forming cliques lest it debar some worthy person who needs just this chance to show his true worth.

Be ever ready to lend a hand to a less fortunate neighbor. Do away with the feeling of aversion to service. A great writer has said "There is no dignity but that of service."

In short, let each endeavor to establish a universal feeling of good fellowship among men; that in so doing he may not only receive the reward of virtue, but may attain an end which for ages has been aimed at by the teachings of science, philosophy and religion.

CHAS. A. STACY.

Salutatory.

Praetor urbanus honestus, curatores, et colligium scholae: Ego delectus sorte classis salutatos nonaginta et une submissime et reverentissime pro ipsa vos saluto.

Scimus in manibus vestris complura nostra beneficia orta esse, et vos eos esse quibus nostrae verisisimae gratiae debeantur, ut in instituo tam excelsa fama gradum suscaperemus.

Hae scaenas apparatus floridae vel aliquae

horum oratiorum vel tentamentorum vobis fortasse jucundae sint; sed ullo artificioso ornato vel remuneratione verbis, intellegentiam quam nos per vestram administrationem attinximus compensare possimus.

Unam favorem plus rogaturi sumus. Hoc est, vos eternam memoriam res vesperi hujus habere, et ubi per vitae diversas vias peregrinaremini, placatis pagellas in vitae libro revertere et semel plus de hac classe arbitrari.

Deinde vos saluto, O diligentissimi magistri, in quorum cura per quattuor annos in variis partibus linguae et scientiae laboramus. Estis ei, qui ab omnibus difficultatibus nos sustulerent et in iter ad famam, gloriam et honorem imposuerunt.

Quamquam aliquid alifuando a vobis reprehensi sumus, tamen haec castigationes notris animis tam totae obliteratae sunt tamquam in hoc flumine Lethe, semperterini oblivii flumine laveravimus; sed nihilo minus mihi videtur ut tametsi in his sacris aquis laverimus, numquam fructos quattuor annorum quos in vestris curis, consumperimus obliviscamur.

Nihil interest ubi sumus utrum hic remaneamus an in foris peregrinimur id, quod sub vobis attinximus nos ad finem nostrorium dierum servebit atque cum in usum hanc intellegentiam feremus, nostri animi ad vos atque ad tempora antiqua in academia semper revertent.

Parentes et amici: Ego vos laetus saluto. Hic quant opere vestram presentiam hac nocte aestimemus percipere non potestis; quod non solum nostrum studium, sed etiam vestram fiduciam ut hanc innumerabilem frequentiam satisfaciamus, exhibet.

Cum nobis in quotidie ambulationes nostias ad academiam sese obvii tuleretis, nos hac candida benignitate, cujus nos non obliviscere potuimus, tractavistis.

Posthac nobis obvii toties sese ferre non poteretis quoties solititi estis.

Hac nocte dissociaturi sumus, sed posthac cum vovis sese obvii tuleremus, scimus non modo familiaritates sed etiam intimissimos et amicissimos amicos futuros esse.

Mei cari condiscipuli: vos optimis optationibus et amore castissimo saluto. Nostrae benevolae affinitates inter se per quattuor longos annos ullo temporis spatio pangi non possunt.

Ego in verbis narrare non possum magnum dolorem quam sentio, cum respicio et tantas delectas scenas quibus confruiti erimus, revoco, tantum scire eas perpetuo praeteriri.

Jam posthac cum indentidem inter se obvii tuleremus, hi accursi perjucundi, sint, et grati mourtoi amicitiae confirmatae et notitae factae cum discipuli et condiscipuli in eadem schola essemus.

(TRANSLATION.)

Honorable Mayor, Trustees and School Board:—I, chosen by lot, salutatorian of the class of 1891 most humbly and cheerfully welcome you in its behalf. We know that at your hands many of our benefits have originated, and you are the ones to whom our most heartfelt thanks are due, that we should graduate from an institution with so high a standing as Thornton Academy.

Perhaps either these flowery decorations or some of these orations or essays may be pleasing to you, but can any artificial adornment or requital in words compensate for the knowledge which we have attained under your administration. We are about to ask one more favor, however. It is this—that you will hold in everlasting memory the event of this evening, and when you are travelling on the various roads of life, please have the kindness to turn backward the pages in the book of life and think once more of this class.

Next I salute you, O most esteemed teachers, under whose care we have labored four pleasant years in the different branches of science and languages. You are the ones who have raised us from all our difficulties and placed us on the road to fame, glory and honor.

Although we have been censured by you somewhat at times, nevertheless those reproaches have been as entirely effaced from our memories as though we had bathed in that river Lethe, the river of eternal forgetfulness. But still it seems to me that even if we had bathed in those sacred waters we could never forget the enjoyments of those four happy years which we have spent under your direction.

No matter where we are; whether we remain

here or go abroad, that which we have accomplished under you will serve us to the end of our days; and when we are bringing this knowledge into use our minds will always turn back to you and the good old times in Thornton Academy.

Parents and Friends:—I greet you gladly. You cannot conceive how greatly we appreciate your presence here tonight, because it not only shows your interest in us but also your confidence in our ability to satisfy this vast audience with a mere word.

Whenever you have met us on our daily walks to the schoolhouse, you have treated us with that courteous kindness which we can never forget. You cannot meet us hereafter as often as you have been accustomed to do. Tonight we must part, but hereafter when we do meet we know that it will be not only as mere acquaintances but also as the most intimate and loving friends.

My Dear Classmates:—I salute you with the best of wishes and most sincere love. Our friendly relations to one another which have strengthened through four long years of most loving friendship can never be sundered by any lapse of time.

I cannot express in words the deep regret that I feel when I look back and recall so many pleasant scenes which we have enjoyed together, only to know that they are ended forever.

Now hereafter when we meet from time to time, may those meetings be very pleasing and may there be many joyful reminders to the friendships formed and the acquaintances made when we were scholars and classmates in the same school.

J. PERCY DEERING.

History of '91.

The history of Egypt during the three centuries of Ptolemaic rule is mainly the history of its capitol Alexandria; and no doubt that the class before you tonight in their own estimation think that the history of the past four years of school life is the history of the class of '91.

It was with mingled joy and terror that we entered the High School in the fall of '87 and were enrolled with the other members, desiring if possible, to make our sojourn of four years a profitable one. One of the laws of the school is, that declamations and essays must be given each week. If strangers had been present on the morning when this custom was announced to the entering class, they might have thought that St Vitus himself was there. A shiver ran through each frame; our mouths were twisted into the shape of a good sized letter O, and our eyes dilated like those of Dominie Sampson who takes so prominent a part in Scott's Guy Mannering.

The first year was spent in quiet study, there being three deserters, Josie Tuttle, Maud Burnham and Linnie Goodwin and but one addition. We were struck by a Snow-squall from Pine Point, but in the spring he disappeared with other wintry things.

The summer vacation over we again enter the High School but with a different feeling. We were now watching and chuckling with glee at the bashful movements of the entering class. It was during this our second year that nearly one-half of our members became deserters. Orrin H. Pierce, Georgia Small, Myra Hooper, Carrie Haines, May Symmes, Mary Small, Maggie Deering and Alice Ridlon retired from a student's life to enter upon various occupations. Two of them in their young enthusiasm, have already undertaken the solution of the momentous problem, "Is marriage a failure?" Two others are standing on the very brink of the matrimonial sea, ready for the fatal plunge, while the rest, as yet, simply have the desire to follow in their footsteps. During the following vacation death called away one of our former members, Miss Josie Tuttle, one who had faithfully attended to her school duties, and her early death deeply impressed the members of her class.

It was a pleasant thought to feel that in the fall, we should enter not that bleak, dingy schoolhouse but a modern temple of learning, Thornton Academy. No sooner had the term begun when another of our ex-members passed away. Quiet and lovable in character and disposition, studious and persevering in all she undertook, Miss Mary Small left a vacancy in the

class of '91 that has never been filled. In the falling out of Rowton, at the close of the fall term, the class lost much of its life, but substitutes came in Frank Winch and Myra Hooper, the latter a former member, but who we regret to say, is unable to graduate on account of a year's absence due to sickness. June came, and according to the new custom we decorated City Hall for the graduation exercises of the class of '90.

Sadly did we receive the news that one of our favorite teachers, Miss Emma Lowell was contemplating resigning her position in order to take a private class of one. As we remembered that our loss was another's gain, we were moved to offer congratulations, and to bid her farewell. Early in July Miss Chadwick left us for a year's study in Germany, ambitious to make herself a more thorough and efficient teacher, two qualifications which her pupils never felt that she lacked.

In the following September we became seniors, a time in school life when a student knows more than he ever will again, and when he feels himself raised above the level on which he has been walking.

While the orations of Cicero and the story of Aeneas' wanderings by Virgil were heartily enjoyed, the studies of this year have been, on the whole the most pleasing, especially Rhetoric. Even Psychology, a study always termed dry, was made particularly interesting through the original handling of Mr. Owen. Among the questions that were brought up and decided by the class, the following is an example: "Is anything not handsome necessarily homely?" The class decided unanimously in the negative. There may have been a grain of selfishness in the decision, as we lay no claim to being a handsome class.

For Esther Davis Haley we have the greatest sympthy in her enforced absence from these exercises to which we all have been looking forward with so much pleasure and interest. She was a thorough, conscientious student, efficient in all departments, but perhaps excelling in sociological science. Through the four years Miss Etta B. Hill has been an important factor in the class of '91; yet through choice is not graduating with us. Eight are all there are left of us, left of twenty-one. What further proof do you need of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest?

In humble imitation of the immortal Plutarch, I shall impart those things which a diligent research of rusty records and a personal intimacy for years have shown to have transpired in the school lives of the members of our class, and leave to the prophet the broader, uninvaded fields or their future life.

Charles Agnew Stacy, the gallant captain of the Thornton Academy Cadets, is a tall young man of dark complexion, and of stately bearing when he doesn't try to be dignified. He has shown a patriotic spirit all through his course, and as ex-Senator Blair kept his educational bill before the United States Senate, so has Stacy persistently declaimed to us his favorite and stirring piece, "Let us have more patriotism in our public schools."

It was unfortunate for Charles that he was born after the war, for the Government, knowing his military capabilities, would surely have called him into its service. It was only his intense passion for study that checked his desire for lending a hand in the settlement of the late Indian question. Genial and fun-loving, he is a most agreeable and pleasant classmate.

The long and the short of the class are Miss Mary Foss and Miss Ellen Chase.

To Miss Foss, quiet and dignified, school life is indeed a serious thing. Jokes and jests she considers beneath her notice. Her all-absorbing study is chemistry, for which she has an intense hatred. Always has she been identified with every movement that tended to the success of her alma-mater.

Miss Chase is a thorough student, yet full of life and always willing to laugh with those that laugh. The languages are favorites with her, she having taken an extra course in French this year. She exceeds in unbelief the doubting disciple of old, everything must be clearly demonstrated to her. Miss Ellen has implicit confidence in the cadets. When she was asked "If an insurrection should arise in Saco, what would be the first thing to be done?" she re-

plied, "Call out the T. A. Cadets and quell the disturbance." Her chief pastime is photography, to which art all her spare time is devoted.

Of all slow boys in speech and hearing, the slowest of these is John Percy Deering. Such was the verdict of the Virgil class. In stature he is short and stout. His muscles are hard and firm. No one need fear that the fiercest snow storm will freeze him or the most fervent heat of the sun will melt him. He possesses a vein of humor all his own. One example I quote which no one can fail to appreciate. In Literature as an illustration of the quotation, "Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam, His first best country ever is at home," the question was asked "Which country would a Frenchman prefer?" Deering emphatically replied, "Biddeford." And how he astonished us when he stoutly affirmed that he did not believe one word of Mythology. In politics he stands alone, sturdy and independent. While the majority of the class are republicans he favors the new party, and all his sympathies are with the Farmers' Alliance. John's courage cannot be impeached and he has a vast amount of what we call grit. He has plodded alone through the college course with a perseverence that must eventually crown his efforts with success.

Alice Gertrude Milliken truly deserves the honor of being Valedictorian. In school she was eternally studying. Morning, noon and night she incessantly applied herself to her books. While she is deeply interested in Latin, she has a passionate fondness for French, so much so that she cannot pass the little French urchins in our sister city without stopping to converse with them in her favorite language; but so little do they understand what she is saying that they simply smile, and nod and pass on. As managing editor of The Tripod, she has written bright and spicy editorials that have been appreciated by all. She has striven to make good her assertion that "what the class lacks in quantity is made up in quality."

Francis Leland Winch entered the academy as a special student, but by persistent study has successfully met all the requirements for graduation. He is tall and of easy and sometimes monarch-of-all-I-survey bearing. Chemistry is an interesting study to him, and he, decked with a brown canvass armour, was often seen experimenting alone in the laboratory. One would not always see a smiling countenance, quite often a tearful one, due doubtless, to the perverseness of chemicals.

In politics he is somewhat of a freak, not knowing what he was, what he is, or what he will be. He has for a long time made photography one of his studies, and, in fact, considers himself no longer an amateur. Many are the grotesque groups he has taken, not for any pecuniary consideration, but simply to while away the monotony of study.

Much of the sunshine of the class centers in Bertha May Sawyer, who, although devoted to her books, yet finds time to prove that school life is not all hardship and drudgery. Many incidents of an amusing character connected with her during the four years could be narrated. Gum-chewing has a charm which school girls find hard to resist. On one occasion a piece was offered Miss Sawyer, who weakly yielded to the temptation and placed it in her mouth, but fearing the stern countenance of the Professor, she held it quietly between her teeth. When unexpectedly she was called upon to answer a question, to her great dismay, her jaws were immovable. However, by an energetic effort she succeeded in removing the obstruction and gave the required answer.

One of Stacy's favorite quotations which pleases us boys, Miss Bertha always objected to namely: "A thing of beauty is a boy forever." But from late observation we judge the objection has vanished.

To show that our class is capable like other classes of making bright sayings in recitation, I will give one illustration. To the question, "What must be done in order that a foreigner may become an American citizen?" a member innocently answered, "He must first be neutralized.

My story is but a preface, simply an introduction that may serve as an index to the future. I do not lay down my task as having finished my task, but simply to wait to read the history in the life now in youthful vigor. We

write our history on tablets more enduring than clay or marble. We trust that we leave influences more permanent than Egyptian pyramids. We build character. We influence character. Character is eternal.

FRED A. LORD, '91.

Class Prophecies, '91.

It is claimed that there are three ways by which one may know the future: First, by divine inspiration; second, by a careful investigation of the present and past and third by signs.

The stories of the rise and fall of nations, of battles lost and won as foretold by the flight of birds, by the moving of the tripod, by flashes of light in the heavens are familiar to all. How much importance used to be attached to being born at the rising of certain stars! While the ancients practiced divination to a great degree, yet they readily recognized its disadvantages. Xenophon at one time prophesying the portents of a thunder storm said what it is to see such a sight, it is possible to know after the indicated event has come to pass.

As augury is so uncertain, and as I do not lay claim to divine inspiration I base this prophecy on my knowledge of the present and past.

It will be in the spring of 1900 when I take a survey of the world, especially for the information I can receive concerning the class of '91. I shall find it very pleasantly situated, each member pursuing his duty as no other could, and always as busy as he was during his school days.

Of course any one could predict the fate of such a roving character as Alice possesses. Shortly after her school duties are over, she will make her home in New York City in a most beautiful palace, while always about her may be seen numerous admirers. Wishing once more to see my classmate, I shall make a journey to her home, but on arriving at the city, she will tell me to call in two weeks for every day within that time is engaged. But she will soon become weary of society and will immediately commence to write allegorical stories for children, which will even excel hers of tonight.

In 1899, several columns, under the heading, "Just what has been needed for years" will be found in all the daily papers of Saco. On reading the article it will be found that Miss Chase, another of the famous class of '91, has been left a great fortune from a friend, and her only wish will be to do some good with it and in the best possible manner. She will be the first to secure the much desired lot on the corner of Main and Summer streets, and with the aid of the Sweetsir bequest soon will erect a beautiful stone building for an orphan asylum of which she will prove herself a faithful matron, for we all know her fondness for children by the manner in which she has treated her subject tonight.

I shall find Fred in the very place I should have expected him to be. It will be in the national observatory at Washington, and his specialty will be the sun spots of which he daily makes drawings and of which he notes every change. He may always be found reclining in the great chair which moves with the motion of the sun, and his meals, by no means smaller than they were during the winter of '99 and '91 will, by special request, be brought to him. The prophet would like to ask if those cart wheel turnovers and their perforations suggested this study of the sun and its spots? In spite of all his efforts to secure what he terms a "comfortable position" he is ever heard to repeat his favorite expression, "Notwithstanding the difficulties with which we are surrounded."

For several years, Mary will teach in one of the first Grammar schools in Boston, but in spite of the old saying, "It takes a schoolmarm a long while to get married," Mary will be the first of our number to promise to "serve and obey." She will have two bright lads, with mischief-loving eyes, whose many pranks will often bring the remark from the principal, "I am not surprised, knowing your mother."

And who is able to sing Stacy's praises? No one has the power to do it like the prophet. Probably you would say he will not stop with being Captain of the Thornton Academy Ca-

dets, but will shortly leave Saco for the West, where he will most enthusiastically engage in the cause of the Western people against the Indians. But no. Probably you would say, he will not long remain a private, but from that will take the position of Lieutenant. It won't be that. Probably you would say his glory will not end there, but he will be given the most noted position of General, and while under his command, victory will be shouted for him and his army. But neither will it be that. Probably you would say, who then will not hail the class of '91 on account of Gen. Stacy's having gradnated from it? But no. His real genius does not lie there. Could you only have seen the drawings upon his desk pad, the patched pantaloons of "What are the wild waves saying?" then without any divine knowledge of a seer you could readily discern where his genius lies. Stacy will become a caricaturist, second not even to Nast. Watson will soon learn of his power and will invite him to a partnership. Then the Illuminator will have a pictorial department rivaling Puck and Judge.

Winch will take our teacher's advice and immediately after his school days will make a special study of Psychology. He will always be noted for his ability to meet all arguments, and when the trustees of Thornton Academy are in search of a professor of Mental Philosophy, Winch will be offered the position. He, like all noted men, will have a study for diversion. This will be acting as singing master in Miss Chase's asylum, which will be so conveniently situated for him.

For racing horses, Deering will take the record throughout New England, and for a short time, at each county and state fair, he and his famous "Jo" will be seen; but soon tireing of racing, he will study for the ministry and will gain the title of "second Henry Ward Beecher." His fame will be broadcast, and his lectures none can rival.

But one other member of '91 remains to be spoken of. The class prophet will pursue a business career which was always her chief desire. Whether or not she will near perfection in that branch is a question, but that she will do it earnestly and seriously, none who hear this prophecy can doubt.

BERTHA M. SAWYER.

Valedictory.

Honorable Mayor, School Board and Trustees:

As we now bid farewell to our school-days in Thornton Academy, we desire to thank you for your endeavors to make them as pleasant and as instructive as possible.

Your interest in the progress of the school has always been shown in your readiness to make any improvements that may be of service to the student in his work.

We are grateful for the privileges which we have received through your kindness, and in bidding you farewell we wish to say that we consider it one of the "golden opportunities" of life to attend such a school as Thornton Academy.

Teachers—We regret that this evening brings to a close the many happy days which we have spent under your guidance. Although your authority over us must cease, your influence will still remain in each of our hearts.

You have not only labored to develop our minds, but have inspired in us a desire for greater knowledge; so that now when our schooldays are over, we shall not be satisfied with our attainments but will press on towards the highest development of all our powers. We feel that you have done more for us than we can ever repay. May our lives show that your instruction has been heeded and that your love and sympathy have been appreciated.

Parents and Friends—We wish to express our gratitude to you for the thoughtfulness with which you have always considered our intellectual needs. Your presence here tonight strengthens the assertion which your kindnesses of the past have seemed to make—that our progress in education is of interest to you. Your sympathy in our work has been of great assistance to us and has often encouraged us onward in the path of knowledge.

Now that our school course is finished, we hope that you will not be entirely disappointed in its results, but will feel that these years of

study will better fit us to accomplish our life's work.

Classmates—Tonight we meet to bid farewell not to one another, but to our school days. We shall meet again and the memory of those days which we have enjoyed as classmates will remain dear to our hearts. Whatever the future may bring, let us, looking upward and onward, keep a high, pure standard. As the arrow flies in a straight unswerving course in the direction toward which it is aimed, so let us fix our eyes upon the star of perfection, and with its light as our hope and inspiration, ever press forward in the footsteps of the One Perfect Example.

ALICE G. MILLIKEN.

Address.

Members of the graduating class of 1891:—Take with me a quick glance at the history of the education of man that has been going on for, no one knows, how many ages.

Go back to primitive man and you find him living in the woods or in caves, washed out by the action of the water, feeding on roots, 'berries and fruit, without language, without fire, without tools, without any understanding of the forces around him, his faculties wholly undeveloped.

Starting at this condition his education began and has continued till the present. He slowly learned to fashion his tools from the stones. Having learned how to make a fire, he then learned to make pottery, to cook his food and work the metals. He gradually acquired language, beginning with that of gesture; then, commencing with pictures, came writing. He gained a knowledge of numbers, by first learning to count his fingers and the pebbles.

As the centuries went on, there came a knowledge of mechanics, philosophy, art and science; until today you find him, though far short of completely educated, yet wonderfully developed and trained; having learned very much of the movements and forces of the universe and having advanced quite far toward a mastery over himself and his environments. This, very briefly, is the history of his educational progress.

It has been said, that the history of an individual is a brief repetition of the history of its kind. If so, then I have been repeating your history. You, like the primitive man, were ignorant and undeveloped. You, too, have gradually acquired a knowledge and use of language, numbers, mechanics, physics and all the other branches to which you have given attention.

The point to which I wish to call your thoughts and to emphasize is this: In the development of man, never has there been a stopping time or place. When he had learned to make a stone axe, he did not stop, but progressed till today he can invent and make machinery, so wonderfully delicate and complicated, that it seems to have more intelligence than primitive man himself. When he had learned somewhat of the motion of the stars, by lying upon his back in the open ground, and holding between his eyes and the heavens, a few beads upon a string, he did not stop but proceeded, till, today, it seems as if he could bring the stars down into his laboratory, take them to pieces and learn their composition. When he had learned to use the wind and water as motive powers, he went forward, till, today, he can harness and drive the lightning and even make it do his talking and writing. So in every department, there has been continual growth and progress and never has there been the time when it could be said, education is complete. The finishing of one step has ever brought the possibility of another and the consequent responsibility.

If then, you would be true to the history of your kind and to the purposes of your existence, you are to remember that the true education has no end. As your primary opened into your intermediate, and that into your grammar and that into your academic course, so the latter is not the goal, but only a part of the path that leads to and ends only in perfectly true and noble character; for character is the only end of education.

One has defined education as "the growing up, in all things, to our highest possibilities." As long, then, as there is before you a possibility of something higher and better, your education is not complete.

In behalf of the board of trustees, I congratulate you that you have reached the end of one of the steps in your path toward character. During your course in Thornton Academy, your deportment has been commendable and your attainment in your studies satisfactory. In perpetuation of this, we present your diplomas. HON. HAMPDEN FAIRFIELD,
Pres. of Trustees.

Class Ode.

BY ELLEN K. CHASE.

Again the silent wheels of Time
Their yearly course have run,
And all our lessons now are through,
Or, rather, just begun.

How fast ye've rolled, ye hurrying wheels,
For days, and months, and years,
And in your spokes ye've mingled all
Our pleasures, hopes, and tears.

These heartless wheels ne'er backward turn,
They will not heed our cry,
As in the cruel box of Fate,
We each must cast a die.

O, then, whate'er shall be our lot,
Be it of joy or woe,
May we with courage still press on,
With heart for any foe.

And now, dear classmates, there's a gloom
Fast creeping o'er each heart,
Since we so soon "Good-bye" must say,
And from each other part.

But howe'er fast Time's wheels have rolled
O'er childhood days divine,
They ne'er can crush the mem'ries dear,
The days of "Auld Lang Syne."

All were sorry to say farewell to Miss Morrill, who has taken Miss Chadwick's place for the last year. She will teach a school of boys in New York next year. We wish her joy.

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